

RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. III.

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No. 19.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

The Revenge.

Shortly before the French revolution broke out in 1789, the Marquis de Moncey, a nobleman of illustrious birth, but contracted fortune, had an opportunity of making a very advantageous purchase of some property, but wanting ready money to complete it, he applied to Monsieur Restaud for the loan of a considerable sum.

Restaud was a man of low origin, who had by a course of honest and persevering industry, acquired an immense fortune; to inherit which he had only one child, a son, at that period about eighteen, who was a fine, promising young man, and Restaud, who was extremely fond of him, had spared no expense on his education.

The Marquis, after opening his business, began to talk of the length of time it would be before he could re-pay the money, and the security which he proposed giving, " Monsieur Marquis," said Restaud, interrupting him, " I have a plan to propose, which will, if you choose to accede to it, entirely obviate all the inconveniences you must be put to, to repay this sum. But my plan may perhaps bear a little hard upon your pride, if so, monsieur marquis, speak freely; I shall not be less ready to lend you the money."

" What is your plan, my good friend," said De Moncey.

Restaud now, with some little circumlocution, unfolded it, and De Moncey listened with considerable surprise to the proposal of an alliance between his only daughter and the son of Restaud.

The deepest crimson flushed the cheek of the Marquis at an offer which he was at first inclined to regard as an insult, but a few minutes reflection changed his ideas. His property was barely adequate to the support of his rank, and he had three sons and a daughter to provide for, the eldest son would of course inherit his estate; the two others were destined for the army; in case his daughter married young Restaud, it would be to secure their promotion, as he knew enough of Restaud's general character, to be certain that he would not be sparing of his gold among his noble relatives. All these considerations enabled him to smooth his ruffled brow, and reply to the

honest *bourgeois* with all the address of a courtier.

After professing himself delighted with all he had heard of Francois, he said that as he could venture to answer for the consent of the *marquise*, the business might be looked upon as settled; but from the extreme youth of his daughter, he would wish the marriage might be deferred a few months. In the mean time, he made no objection to comply with the desire of Restaud, that Mademoiselle de Moncey should be taken from her convent, and introduced to Francois as her future husband.

It required, however, all his rhetoric to bring his wife over to his opinion, and it was with much difficulty that he gained her consent to an alliance which she looked upon as a disgrace to her family.

As soon, however, as her consent was obtained, Mademoiselle de Moncey was brought home, and the regrets which Francois had felt at what he considered as a very arbitrary measure, vanished at the first sight of his intended bride. Pauline de Moncey was just then fifteen, and her exquisite beauty might have turned an older head than that of Francois; but she had stronger attractions than those of mere beauty; her heart was excellent, her temper uncommonly amiable, and with all the simplicity of her age, her talents were of the first order. It is not wonderful that Pauline, brought up as she was in habits of perfect obedience, should look with a favorable eye on her youthful intended, who was in fact as amiable as herself. A short time sufficed to render them deeply enamored of each other, but, as our immortal bard observes,

" The course of true love never did run smooth."

Almost on the eve of their marriage, the marquis' eldest son was seized with a dangerous illness; their nuptials were of course deferred till he should recover, but week succeeded week, and no alteration for the better took place. Meanwhile the troubles which had for sometime agitated France, took a very serious turn; the republican party grew every day stronger, and De Moncey, who was a strict royalist, was shocked and surprised to find that Restaud openly expoused the opposite party. This difference of opinion soon created a decided animosity between them; and although Francois kept himself entirely aloof from politics, De Moncey thought his moderation was only a blind to conceal his real sentiments, and felt assured that he was at heart a republican.

Unfortunately, at this period the young de

Moncey died, and this circumstance protracted the union of our lovers for a considerable time. Francois still continued to visit at the marquis' as the intended husband of Pauline; but he was received by all but herself with a coldness which filled his mind with the most mournful presages.

Unfortunately, they were too soon realized. Mons. St. Amand, a gentleman of distinguished family and affluent fortune, saw and admired Pauline. Her engagement to young Restaud was generally known; but St. Amand was a man of the world: he saw that it would be easy to bring matters to an open rupture between Restaud and the marquis; he effected this with very little trouble, and immediately made the most splendid proposals to Pauline.

Madame de Moncey had never been cordially inclined to the match with Francois, and all his good qualities had not removed the disgust with which his obscure birth inspired her. She gladly seized a trifling pretext to forbid him her house, and to declare that, in consequence of the behavior of his father, the projected union between the families was at end.

Young Restaud did not acquiesce quietly in these new arrangements; he wrote letter after letter, which Madame la marquise returned unopened; and besieged the hotel of de Moncey, who continued deaf to his prayers and supplications, till old Restaud, who was now as averse to the match as de Moncey himself, alarmed at his perseverance, contrived to send him to a considerable distance from Paris on business. His departure was eagerly seized by the marquise, who had procured her husband's consent to the marriage of St. Amand with Pauline, and in spite of the hapless girl's tears and reluctance, she was compelled to give him her hand. A rumor of the intended marriage reached Francois, and with the greatest speed he returned to Paris. The ceremony had been performed the evening before his return and was not yet generally known. Francois was aware that he should not gain admission in his own character; he disguised himself in the habit of a peasant, and declaring himself charged with a letter from a steward of de Moncey, which he was ordered to deliver into the Marquis' own hand, he was admitted. He flung himself at the feet of the marquis, and with a voice almost choked with emotion, demanded his betrothed bride.

Thus called upon, de Moncey revealed as gentle as he could the marriage of his daughter; but he more than half repented his having enforced it, when he saw the effect which his intelligence produced upon Francois.

For some moments the power of speech was denied the unhappy youth, but the livid paleness which overspread his features, and the strong convulsion which shook his frame, proved the conflict within. De Moncey, with an air of commiseration, held out his hand; but Francois scornfully repulsed it. "You have,

then, unnatural father," cried he, with vehemence, "destroyed the happiness of your child; you have immolated us both at the shrine of your prejudice; but tremble to think, that the hour of retribution may not be far distant! Tremble to think, that the man whose heart you so cruelly stabbed, may one day be avenged!"

As he spoke, he rushed out of the room, leaving on the mind of the marquis a vague sensation of terror, which he vainly endeavored to shake off.

St. Amand, who was extremely sanguine, had persuaded de Moncey that the revolution would be speedily crushed; but on the contrary, every day argued its power. Indignant at the insults of the king, the two young de Moncey's used some unguarded expressions, for which they were arrested and thrown into prison; the unfortunate marquis had a private information given him, that their death was resolved on, and that flight was the only means to preserve himself and the rest of his family from a similar fate.

After encountering many dangers, the marquis and marquise arrived in England. In the hurry of his escape, he had secured but a small sum; this circumstance, however, did not make him very unhappy, for he still cherished the hope that his royal master's authority would soon be re-established, and that in a short time he should be able to return to Paris.

St. Amand, was less confident; he feared and justly, that the step they had taken in leaving the country, though one of absolute necessity, would be used to their destruction. His fears were too soon realized: the property of both was seized in the name of the nation. That of St. Amand was purchased by a near relation of his own, who had taken part with the republican faction from the beginning; and the estates of De Moncey were bought by Francois Restaud, who was now, by the death of his father, become one of the richest men in France.

This news was literally a death blow to St. Amand, he never held up his head afterwards. Passionately attached to his wife, his conscience reproached him with having been the means of plunging her into poverty and sorrow. De Moncey could not refrain from expressing his grief and indignation at the infamous conduct of Francois; and St. Amand's knowledge, that he was himself the cause of young Restaud's becoming the possessor of De Moncey's property, was a constant thorn to his heart.

A few months after his arrival in England St. Amand breathed his last, and his death was soon followed by that of the marquise, who had drooped from the moment she quitted France.

Bitter were the tears shed by De Moncey and his unhappy Pauline over the grave of the

unfortunate marquise; but Madame St. Amand had little time for the indulgence of sorrow. The money which her father had brought with him was now exhausted, and but for her incessant efforts to obtain a livelihood with her needle, they must have wanted bread.

This unhappiness of de Moncey was increased by learning that Restaud had tried every means to discover where he was, and as the threat of vengeance which Francois had uttered was never forgotten by de Moncey, he conceived that Restaud had laid some plan for his destruction; and he changed his lodging for one still more obscure, and assumed another name.

The unhappy marquis seemed destined to drain the cup of sorrow to the very dregs.—Nearly five years had passed and hope, the last comfort of the wretched, was almost extinct in his breast. One day while Pauline was out on business, he heard a voice which he thought he recollected, inquire for Monsieur de Vaux (the name he had assumed;) in a few moments his door opened, and Francois stood before him. Though much altered, de Moncey recollected him instantly.—Francois glanced his eyes round the apartment, and his lips quivered as he surveyed the wretched dwelling of his still beloved Pauline.

"For what purpose, monsieur," said De Moncey, haughtily, "do you thus presume to intrude upon me?"

"For a purpose, marquis, which I avowed at our last meeting—the gratification of my revenge."

He closed the door as he spoke, and advanced towards de Moncey, who retreated a few steps. "Is then my ruin insufficient to content you?" cried he, "not satisfied with reveling in my fortune, would you also take my life?"

A deep glow of indignation suffused the wan cheek of Francois. "Prejudiced and misjudging man," cried he with a disdainful smile, "would that be revenge? Already have you bereft me of happiness; think you that I will add to the misery you have inflicted, by entailing on myself the pangs of endless remorse?"

"Why then," cried de Moncey, "are you here?"

"To show you that I have not forgotten my word; that I have never lost sight of my cherished revenge. I bought your property.

De Moncey replied only by a stifled groan.

"I purchased it for less than a tenth of its value, and by the care I have bestowed upon it, it is now worth considerable more than when I bought it. From the moment I purchased it, I have sought you out, that I might show you of what the despised and insulted Francois was capable. The time that has elapsed before I could trace you, has enabled me to do more than I at first hoped to accom-

plish. There (laying a packet on the table) is permission from the government for you to return to France, and a deed by which I restore to you that property I purchased only to preserve for you."

Tears which de Moncey could no longer repress, burst from her eyes, and as Francois turned to leave the room, he caught him in his arms.

"Noble, generous Restaud!" cried he, "how have I been mistaken in you! But your gift would be incomplete unless you add to it your forgiveness. I know, I feel, I treated you and Pauline cruelly; yet several years of suffering may have atoned my fault!"

Francois struggled to disengage himself; "Unhand me, marquis; I must be gone."

"Not till you have forgiven me—not till you have seen Pauline. You will listen to her thanks, though I dare not offer you mine."

"Pauline! I would not behold her for worlds."

It now first occurred to de Moncey, that it was possible Francois did not know Madame St. Amand was a widow.

"Restaud," cried he, "if you are free, there is no obstacle to your seeing Pauline. The hand of Heaven has broken those vows that my poor girl was forced to pledge, and Pauline may yet pay her father's debt of gratitude."

I have no words to describe the transports of the faithful Francois, who a few minutes afterwards pressed his still adored mistress to his heart.

De Moncey was all eagerness to have their nuptials solemnized, and as soon as the ceremony was performed, he insisted upon returning the deed of gift which his son-in-law had given him. It was in vain Francois declared that he was already rich enough; De Moncey protested he should believe he had not forgiven his former conduct unless he accepted it.

"But, dearest father," cried Pauline, "you must not be dependent upon us."

"And why should I not, my child?" said the happy old man. "Will the rich Madame Restaud be less attentive to her father's comforts, than the poor Pauline, who supported him by the labor of her hands? or will Francois, who unconditionally restored my whole property to me, deny me an asylum under his roof? You must indulge your father, my children; it is the last time he will insist on being obeyed."

The wish of De Moncey was cheerfully complied with by his son and daughter. They soon afterwards returned to France. De Moncey lived many years to witness the happiness of his children, who had a numerous and lovely family; nor had he ever the smallest reason to regret the confidence he had placed in his son and daughter, whose filial love and reverence continued unabated to the last moment of his existence.

The Village Belle.

Doubtless many a pretty Miss expects, in this story, to read of a career of glorious conquests; and her blue eyes brighten, and her little heart beats quicker at the thoughts of being, one day, the heroine herself, of some legendary proser, and of having her own victories recorded.—Well, the desire to be beloved may reign in an amiable bosom—may possess a kind and benevolent heart—but power is dangerous, there are so many temptations to its abuse. These things I would have my fair readers remember, as they go along with me—and it may be we shall all be wiser, and therefore better, before we part.

If you should go to Alesbury, you will see a sweet little cottage in the meadows towards the river valley, half hid away amid a cluster of black alders, with its white chimney and snowy palings, peeping through the foliage—and they will tell you that Annette Merton once lived there, for all the villagers remember her.—It was one of those terrestrial paradises which the sick heart, weary with the wrongs of men, so often pictures to itself—so often longs for—and she, O she was a beautiful creature—my heart even now beats quicker, as her image rises before me.

She was a gay, lively girl—with the polish of a summer in the city, and a fine education—and whatever her talents might have been, she at least possessed the power of pleasing; the art of winning hearts, in a most copious measure. I never could divine exactly how she did it—but there was a free, frank, friendly air about her, that inspired confidence—and gifted thus at all points, she played a most masterly game among the village beaux. Every body was glad to gallant her—was emulous which should pay her the most attention—and every young gentleman in the village, who could afford to spruce himself up a little once in twenty-four hours, paid her an afternoon or an evening visit.

It would have been amusing to one, who went as a mere spectator, to have attended a Saturday evening levee at the Alder Cottage—amusing to see the address practised by the competitors for her smiles, in eliciting some distinguished mark of her favor—they gathered around her in the little parlor, and if she spoke, there was a strife as to who should most approve what she said; if she dropped her handkerchief, two or three heads were thumped together in the effort to restore it to her; and if she walked, they were happy who got by her side, and all the rest were miserable. There were to be seen all kinds of faces and every description of temper—and such a spectator might have been edified, but the principle impression on his mind would probably have been, that courting under such circumstances was a most particularly foolish kind of business.

But Annette sung—"The moon had climbed the highest hill,"—and told boarding

school stories—and talked eloquently about love, and poetry—was witty, sentimental and goodnatured—was invincible, always, absolutely always the conqueror. The young ladies of the village saw themselves undeservedly deserted; looked month after month on the success of their rival; and prayed probably, if young ladies ever pray about such matters, that Annette might speedily make a choice among her worshippers, and leave them the remainder. It was a forlorn hope, she intended to do no such thing; she was the village belle, and the village belle she meant to be.

It so happens, however, that great beauties, like all other great folks, who have to take the common chance in the fortunes of humanity, sometimes in the end, outwit themselves. In process of time, one and another, and again another wedding took place in the village; the girls whose names were seldom spoken, whose modest pretensions and retiring habits were perfectly eclipsed, by the brilliancy of the reigning star, secured their favorites, were wooed, and won and married; and still Annette coquetted with all, and was still admired by all. How many good offers she refused or slighted, were only recorded in her memory. "Hope deferred," saith the proverb, "makes the heart sick." Those who were sincere in their addresses, gradually, one after another, offered themselves, were rejected or put off, and fell into some easier road of matrimony. She was at last left with courtiers, as heartless in love matters as herself, who sought her company because she was agreeable, flirted with her because she was "the belle"—and romped and kissed her whenever they had an opportunity, because it is always worth some pains to win such a favor from a beautiful girl. We never, never get to be too much of the bachelor for this; well might Byron ask:

"Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow cold?"

But time rolled on and the grass began at length to grow in the path that led over the meadows to the Cottage—Annette became alarmed at the symptoms, and seizing the only chance that was left, engaged herself to her only remaining beau. He was at the time, about going to spend a season in the city; they were to be married on his return. She accepted him, not because she thought him the best of all her suitors, but because he was the only one left, and had always held himself at her service. Her part of the play was ended: she became domestic, sedate, and studied housewifery.

The time finally arrived, her old beau came back to the village, and a day or two after, strolled over to the Cottage with his pipe, in appearance quite an antiquated man. But he said nothing about the subject of matrimony. Annette at last took the liberty of reminding

him of his engagement. He started, "Indeed madam, you surprise me,"—"surprise you, why sir?"—"Because," said he, "I never dreamed that you could be serious in such a thing as matrimonial engagement—and meeting with a good opportunity, I got married before I left the city."

Fortune had finished the game, and Annette was left to pay the forfeit; she never married, because she never had another chance. And her's is but the history common to hundreds of those fair creatures, who, trifling with the power that beauty gives them over the minds of men, sacrifice every thing at the shrine of ambition, and aim only to enjoy the title and the triumph, that lights for a little while the sphere of the Village Belle.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Letters to a Friend.

NO. VI.

Buffalo, May 21, 1826.

DEAR W.—To-day we have been much gratified in visiting the Indian village near this place.—But by the way, an accident befell us, which for the time, was rather disagreeable, and occasioned us considerable trouble: for either by the roguery of a person of whom we inquired the way, or by our own carelessness we lost the correct course, and found ourselves in the middle of a wood, with nothing but an Indian footpath for a guide. After wandering round for some time, our eyes were cheered with the sight of a log house, at the door of which was a *squaw*, busied in pounding corn; near her were two or three young children, on whose playful sports she was looking with all the anxiety and gratification of a mother. We had nearly reached the little enclosure which surrounded the humble dwelling, when we perceived an Indian, who had risen from his seat, and was now walking toward us. He was about 30 years of age, tall and remarkably straight. When we inquired of him the best way to the village, his conduct was particularly pleasing. As he could speak but little English, he had to answer our questions by signs; and by crossing his fingers made us understand that by going a short distance farther, we should come to a "fork" in the roads, whence it would be easy to find our way to the place of destination. When about to leave our kind Indian, I could not but blush to reflect on the treatment which these unfortunate people had received from the whites. And even at this time, although there is much doing to better their condition, how often do we hear people advance sentiments like the following:—"Indians are not worth saving. They are perishing—let them perish. The sooner they are gone,

the better." And to hasten such a catastrophe, a formal project has been actually devised, and put on paper, and the projector has had the effrontery to offer his infernal project for the adoption of the government!!!"

The village consists of a few detached Indian wigwams, surrounded by fields in a rude and imperfect state of cultivation: There is a school here, which, we were informed, was in a prosperous condition. The Indian population on their reservation is between nine and ten hundred. Among their principal chiefs, are *Red Jacket*, the noted orator, *Capt. Pollard*, *Young King*, *Little Billy*, *Astride Town*, and *Seneca White*. The reservation is of an oblong form, and contains, eighty-seven thousand, five hundred and fifty-seven acres of good land; but it is not unlikely that before the expiration of many months, a treaty will be made with them, which will lessen their land to, perhaps, fifty or sixty thousand acres.

I will close this epistle with an extract from the "British Spy," a series of letters which were first published in Virginia many years since, written by the Hon. WILLIAM WIRT, now Attorney General of the United States:—"Poor Indians! Where are they now? Indeed, my dear S—, this is a truly afflicting consideration. The people here may say what they please; but, on the principles of eternal truth and justice, they have no right to this country. They say that they have bought it—bought it! Yes;—Of whom?—Of the poor trembling natives who knew that refusal would be vain; and who strove to make a merit of necessity by seeming to yield with grace, what they knew that they had not the power to retain. Such a bargain might appease the conscience of a gentleman of the green bag, 'worn and hackneyed' in the arts and frauds of his profession; but in heaven's chancery, my S—, there can be little doubt that it has been long since set aside on the ground of duress.

"Poor wretches! No wonder that they are so implacably vindictive against the white people; no wonder that the rage of resentment is handed down from generation to generation; no wonder that they refuse to associate and mix permanently with their unjust and cruel invaders and exterminators; no wonder that in the unabating spite and frenzy of conscious impotence, they wage an eternal war, as well as they are able; that they triumph in the rare opportunity of revenge; that they dance, sing and rejoice, as the victim shrieks and faints amid the flames, when they imagine all the crimes of their oppressors collected on his head, and fancy the spirits of their injured forefathers hovering over the scene, smiling with ferocious delight at the grateful spectacle, and feasting on the precious odour as it arises from the burning blood of the white man.

"Yet the people, here, affect to wonder that the Indians are so very unsusceptible of civil-

* Dr. Morse.

zation ; or, in other words, that they so obstinately refuse to adopt the manners of the white men. Go, Virginian ; erase, from the Indian nation, the tradition of their wrongs ; make them forget, if you can, that once this charming country was theirs ; that over these fields and through these forests their beloved forefathers, once, in careless gayety, pursued their sports and hunted their game ; that every returning day found them the sole, the peaceful, the happy proprietors of this extensive and beautiful domain.—Make them forget too, if you can, that in the midst of all this innocence, simplicity and bliss—the white man came ; and lo !—the animated chase, the feast, the dance, the song of fearless, thoughtless joy were over ; that ever since, they have been made to drink of the bitter cup of humiliation ; treated like dogs ; their lives, their liberties, the sport of the white men ; their country and the graves of their fathers torn from them, in cruel succession : until, driven from river to river, from forest to forest, and through a period of 200 years, rolled back, nation upon nation, they find themselves fugitives, vagrants and strangers in their own country, and look forward to the certain period when their descendants will be totally extinguished by wars, driven at the point of the bayonet into the western ocean, or reduced to a fate still more deplorable and horrid, the condition of slaves. Go, administer the cup of oblivion to recollections and anticipations like these, and then you will cease to complain that the Indian refuses to be civilized. But until then, surely it is nothing wonderful that a nation even yet bleeding afresh, from the memory of ancient wrongs, perpetually agonized by new outrages, and goaded into desperation and madness at the prospect of the certain ruin which awaits their descendants, should hate the authors of their miseries, of their desolation, their destruction ; should hate their manners, hate their colour, their language, their name, and every thing that belongs to them. No ; never, until time shall wear out the history of their sorrows and their sufferings, will the Indian be brought to love the white man, and to imitate his manners." * * *

" Let me not be told that the Indians are too dark and fierce to be affected by generous and noble sentiments. I will not believe it. Magnanimity can never be lost on a nation which has produced an Alknomok, a Logan, and a Pocahontas." Farewell—

HENRY.

Silence.—Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence ; for by it, said he, I hear other men's imperfections, and conceal my own.

Custom—Pythagoras gave this excellent precept—" Choose always the way that seems best, how rough soever it be. Custom will render it easy and agreeable."

Injury.—The consciousness of having done an injury, is sufficient punishment to a mind of sensibility.

MISCELLANEOUS.

" Variety we still pursue,
" In pleasure seek for something new."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Atlantic Souvenir.

We have examined this small but beautiful volume with a high degree of pleasure, and with that strong interest, and proud satisfaction, which, works worthy of America and purely her own, have rarely failed to excite. Tales, such as these, have doubtless a useful and abiding influence over the minds of all that are susceptible of any tender emotions or virtuous sensations. The fond recollection of them, comes o'er the soul like that of a dear departed friend, who made us very happy in life, and dying, bade us do as he had done. We are fond of concentrating incidents—the impression they make, is more powerful and lasting—our novels are too prolix for any good effect upon the young reader—names, characters, manners, and morals are all lost amid the useless rubbish of minute descriptions, and nice details, which speak high in praise of the author's patience, but detract much more from the interest and usefulness of his works. The simple contents of each chapter would furnish a tale vastly more attractive, and far more creditable to these mercenary scribblers. But, to our work—the first tale is " Modern Chivalry," supposed to be written by Miss Sedgwick. This, considered as a matter-of-fact story, is well told, but as a fiction, falls far behind what she has done before. She tells us 'tis fact, and we believe her, with the exception of a few embellishments ; and if she allowed herself in the use of these, why not put them on the rougher features of her " handy work," and instead of metamorphosing a loving lass into a cold, stately Countess, give us chivalry complete, a hero, and heroine in mutual affection, who should " Love on through all life, and love on till they died."

We have spoken thus severely, because we fear the author is forsaking her first love, and sacrificing, to the shrine of cold criticism, that spirit of deep and refined feeling which pervades her inimitable production, " Redwood." We know it is the fashion of the day, in real life, to scoff at feeling, and trample on the sensitive soul, in order to sport with his tears. Sensibility, they say, is an enemy to policy, and must be put down. The devoted lover is ridiculed, because he will not transfer affection, like merchandise, and purchase a wife, like stock, bury her, like nauseous carrion, and take a new one, to throw the first sod on her coffin. The female that has a heart, can rarely find a mate, and like the mateless dove, can find no rest, till she abjures her sex or her sentiments. Among men, who are constantly intriguing for riches, honor and debauchery, such licentious views, such moral insensibility may be

tolerated, and even applauded, but in the bosom of a female, who has once discovered such a fount of feeling, we are positive they can find no residence.

The "White Indian," we think, is the best composition we have ever seen from the pen of Paulding. The subject of the story is admirable, and the relation discovers a richness of feeling, we little suspected, in the man, who had made us so often and so heartily laugh, by his peculiar wit and humour. In his "Dutch Sentinel," "Richard is himself again." We had rather have seen the boy hanged than saved, as he is, by the sacrifice of Law and honour.

In the "Green Mountain boy," we are at a loss to say who ought to have been the hero, the Commander, or the Lover. The history of Allen is well, and with all his faults, Americans love him still, but we doubt the propriety of making a man the hero of a story whose private example is so little worthy of imitation.

The "Rival Brothers," by Miss Francis, though bad in subject, is truly worthy of her, in point of execution. There is something peculiar in her composition, which has always pleased us. We recognize every picture she draws, and to every chord she touches there is one harmoniously responding in our own bosoms.

"The Trials of the Troth," by Mr. Mellen. This, we think, is decidedly the best tale in the volume. We may, perhaps, differ from most readers, in this decision, and we will give our reasons. We confess we see errors in style, which might blast a common production. The sentences are often too long and ambiguous—parentheses, either in brackets or commas, are too frequent; but after subtracting all these, there remains a balance of excellence sufficient for the place we have given it. The selection or invention of subject matter is truly excellent and the incidents are well arranged and touchingly disclosed. Who does not admire the first meeting of these two congenial spirits, and, though his heart be as hard as that of Dionysius, does not, like him, pray to be a third one in this disinterested compact? It is said there is no such friendship on earth. Our own experience will give the lie to this assertion. The Arabian believes that water cannot be hardened—is there therefore, no ice? The ox cannot articulate—is there therefore, no language? The stream of interest flows through every man's head, but that of affection flows only through the heart, and is rarely seen by the world. The ruthless hand of Envy has sometimes clogged the channel, and dabbled, and sported in its rich overflowings—but none but Him, who made it, can ever dry up the fountain. We cannot tell every cause that created our fondness for this tale. Suffice to say, we love it, and the author, and shall bless the day, should it ever come that shall make us acquainted with one, who has afforded us so much pleasure.

E—S.

An astrologer fixing his eyes upon the countenance of the Duke of Milan, said to him, "My lord, arrange your affairs, for you have not long to live." "How dost thou know this?" asked the Duke. "By my acquaintance with the stars," answered the astrologer. "And pray how long art thou to live?" "My planet promises me a long life." "Well, thou shalt shortly discover that we ought not to trust to the stars." And he ordered him to be hanged instantly.

An honest Hibernian tar, a great favorite of a gallant naval commander, used to pray in these words every night when he went into his hammock:—"God be thanked, I never killed any man nor no man ever killed me—God bless the world, and success to the navy."

The following lines were written upon the door of a Methodist meeting house the cellar under it being used to keep spirituous liquors in:

There's a spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy and a spirit of woe,
The spirit above, is a spirit divine,
But the spirit below, is the spirit of wine.—*Eng. paper.*

SUMMARY.

New Post Offices.—A new post rout has been established from Pine Plains, Dutchess co. to Hillsdale Columbia co. on which there are three new Post Offices; one at Mount Ross, Dutchess co. called Mount Ross P. O. of which M. Jeremiah Conklin is Post Master; one at Ancram, Columbia co. of which Col. J. B. Williams is Post Master; one at Copake, Columbia co. of which Ulysses Cole, Esq. is Post Master. A new Post Office has also been established in the town of Nichols, Tioga co. Charles R. Barstow, P. M.

Experiments made in England prove that the purest gas may be obtained from Peas, without purifying. It affords a brilliant light, and the fumes of the flame will not stain paper.

Paste for sharpening razors.—Take a quantity of slate, wash it well, pound it in a mortar, and pass it through a fine hair sieve; mix some of this powder, first with well-water, and afterwards with olive oil, to the consistence of fat. Put some of this paste upon a common razor-strap, after it has been properly cleaned, so as to remove all foreign bodies from it. Pass the razor from right to left, as usual, ending with raising the back a little, and a perfect edge will be obtained.

MARRIED,

In New Paltz, Ulster co. on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Bôgardus, Mr. Jacob Elting to Miss Gitty Lefever, all of that place.

In Stuyvesant, on Thursday the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sickles Mr. Isaac Oakly, of Orange County, to Miss Christina, daughter of L. I. Van Allen, Esq. of the former place.

DIED,

In this city, on Monday, the 12th inst. Mrs. Ruth Hubbard, in the 65th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Henry Relay, aged 40.

In Ghent, on the 1st inst. Mrs. Lucreria Smith, aged 76.

In Claverack, on the 6th inst. Mrs. Catharine Michaels, aged 76.

In Chatham, on the 3d inst. Capt. Rowland Gifford, in the 79th year of his age.

In Fishkill, on the 23d ult. Gen. Jacob Swartwout, in the 93d year of his age,—a soldier of the revolution.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. VALENTINE.

Each little bird selects his mate,
And in my heart so will I mine;
'Tis heaven decrees our final fate,
But I will choose my Valentine!

And thro' the vari'd scenes we'll go,
Tho' fortune frowns, I'll e'er be thine—
To cheer thy anguish'd heart in woe,
Still thou shalt be my Valentine!

Clouds may gather fast about thee,
Closer I'll press and call thee mine;
Thy faithful love shall e'er delight me,
And I will bless my Valentine!

Cold hearted friends may all forsake,
I'll cling like tendril to the vine;
Tho' health may fade and wealth wings take,
I'll never leave my Valentine!

Time may forget its wheels to move,
Ivy forget its native twine,
Minstrel forget the harp he loves,
I'll ne'er forget my Valentine!

February 14, 1827.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. STANZAS.

O, envy not the smile which plays
Upon my dark and cheerless brow—
'Tis but the wreck of former days,
Days which are gone and ended now
And as the rivulet which roves
Through sandy plains, and barren groves,
It only seems to tell how drear
The prospects all around appear:
And as the blossoms which adorn
The prickly branches of the thorn;
Or as the flow'rs which gaily bloom,
To hide the horrors of the tomb.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

To my Old Coat, on resigning it for a new one.

Companion of my lonely way
On life's unpleasant pilgrimage,
Thy seams are wasting with decay
And mould'ring 'neath the hand of age.—
And we must part, my ragged friend
As worldly friends will often part
Since thy torn skirts no shelter lend
To guard me from the winter's smart.

Oft has thy grateful presence turn'd
The winds of Autumn from my form,
When near me no bright hearth-fire burn'd
To shield me from the pelting storm:
But like a friend we need no more
To turn aside the storms of life,
Thy friendship now with me is o'er—
So bid adieu to earthly strife.

But still methinks this parting rude,
Since I have had thy kind protection;
Methinks the world's ingratitude
Affords no cause for thy rejection:—

Ah! no—but since we're doom'd to part,
Forgive the tribute of a tear—
The offering of an aching heart
To thee—since time hath made thee dear.

And when the fleeting lapse of Time
Hath thrown its piercing blight upon me,
I'll think upon my youthful prime,
And on the service thou hast done me!

* * * * * R.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. MY NATIVE LAND.

My Native land, tho' far away,
I still will think of thee,
Tho' others fairer, meet my view,
Still thou art dear to me—
Thy rocky cliffs, thy valleys soft,
Have many charms for me;
The sigh that rends my heart so oft,
My Native Land's for thee.

Oh shall I ne'er see those lov'd shores;
The scenes of thoughtless youth,
Where pass'd so many happy hours,
Of love, of joy, and mirth?
Ah yes! tho' wand'rer now I am,
Devoid of every joy,
Still shall I view my Native Land,
And gaze without alloy.

Oh! there is pleasure in the thought,
Of country, home, and friends;
Such pleasure here is dearly bought,
But sweet an exile ends.
And when death issues his command
I'll leave without a fear—
Then lay me in my native sand—
And friendship shed the tear.

G.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE II.—Because her capital is always Dublin.
PUZZLE I.—Iron.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My worth 'tis true is very small,
Yet am I loved by one and all;
When with my brethren I unite
We are the source of great delight;
And thus throughout the world we rove,
Creating war and making love;
Yet throughout all the States around,
Not one of all our race is found;
Throughout Old England's wide domain,
I have but just one single name;
Yet 'tis a fact both strange and true
That in the plural we have two.

II.

My first is founded on doubt; my second on certainty:
and my whole the idol of the age.

PRINTING.

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